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THE ARYAN PATH

Point out the "Way"—however dimly, and lost among the host—as does the evening star to those who tread their path in darkness.
—*The Voice of the Silence*

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THOUGHTS UPON MALICE

[**W. B. Bashyr Pickard,** a former Colonial administrator in East Africa, author of *Layla or Majnun* and other novels, pleads here for *ahimsa* as one knowing *himsa* at first hand ; he was wounded in action on the Western Front in the last war. Peace *is* the great desideratum ; the will to peace can be, must be fostered, even in the midst of war. For it is true, as Mr. Pickard writes, that " only by good-will shall humanity emerge. "—ED.]

Malice has a double face. She looks before, and she looks after. She is prepared for any eventuality. She is the enemy of the human race. Let me make clear. Malice, although her face is double, has not a single eye. She cannot see facts. Before her eyes is stretched the discoloured medium of hate. Whence it comes about that whoever is the object of her enmity might well despair of any self-justification by word, by deed or thought.

For an instance : let us say a foreign statesman is pursuing a certain policy and acquiring a certain prominence of position, which is distasteful, increasingly distasteful, to another nation.

Now our foreign statesman (whom we may call Gamma) finds opposed to him in the home nation a loud-voiced, stick-at-nothing, malevolent, malicious body of opinion, which would fain deny him any existence upon any human plane of decency or rightful purpose. Do we not hear their cries in chorus of malice ? " Gamma will upset the world ! Gamma is a bloodthirsty boaster !— a deep and devilish schemer !— ruthless in injustice to all save his own race ! He seeks to suppress the common rights of humanity with the mailed fist of might ! "

Then, afterwards, what is the next phase of this picture of malice ? Gamma, the much-decried enemy of mankind, at a crisis changes his attitude a little, does not, for the moment, ride rough-shod over the rights of suffering, harassed humanity. What now shouts the chorus of malice ? " Gamma climbs down !

Gamma plays the coward ! Gamma shrinks from the test and turns tail ! "

Do we not recognize herein that, before the face of malice, there was no rightful act, no rightful word, no rightful thought even, that could have emanated from Gamma at the time of crisis ? Yet Gamma is a human being.

Shall we not, therefore, now realize that malice, ill-will, hatred (for there are many names for this same negative, destructive force) is the essential, relentless enemy of mankind and, in truth, a prolific breeder of pettier, yet no less disastrous, hatreds ?

To view the matter now from the angle of the individual, and to consider personal relations in normal human society and everyday contacts. This desperate, pernicious monster, this malice, still is rampant, discolouring with poisonous breath the clear light of reason, justice and reality.

" A " dislikes " B. " " B " has never harmed " A, " and has no definite intention of doing so. On the contrary, " B " may do a thousand and one normal, harmless or even beneficial acts, either towards " A " or generally. Yet how often do we find some serpent malice befouling the motive, and whispering, " Yes, I know—a sprat to catch a mackerel." " He hasn't got the spirit to refuse ! " " He knows which side his bread's buttered ! " " Oh, it's all done for publicity ! " Or, for contrary actions, another series of questionable motives may be suggested. " It's not like him ! You never find him giving anything away ! " " He'd never say yes, unless he was jolly well paid for it ! " " Hates publicity, does he ? You may depend upon it, there's some reason for that ! Mark my words ! "

But we need not multiply instances. Suffice it to say that malice will have it both ways. The victim of dislike will find the path of normal, decent, righteous action barred to him by a thousand entanglements of misjudged motives. This way lies no hope for humanity, either individual or national.

Since we do not despair of humanity, wherein, then, lies hope ?

The hope for humanity lies in the vitality of good, the indestructibility of good. For what do we behold ? The forces of the universe arrayed in two opposite categories. Upon the one side we have darkness, evil, hatred, destruction, while upon the other we find light, good-will and life.

But it may be said, " Even if this be true, what of the victory ? When two sides are massed against one another and the conflict is met, who shall augur the victory ? What confidence can we have that the good shall ultimately prevail ? "

To which I reply, " From the essence, from the inherent qualities of the opposing forces, it is certain that good shall prevail. It is the function of life to increase, and of death to decrease. In the same way, it is the function of good-will to develop, to construct, to make stable, whereas it is the essentially inherent

quality of bad-will or hatred to diminish benefit, to destroy, to lay waste."

Let us take a practical example: we see the piling up of armaments on this side and on that. Let us be frank with ourselves; let us recognize and openly acknowledge the only fundamental upon which these armaments are based. In essence, it is bad-will; it is hatred. Yes, though it be veiled under the seemly cover of "defence," at root there is hatred. Armaments are for destruction; neither men nor nations destroy what they like or love. If nations pile up armaments, it can only be because they regard one another as actual or potential enemies. Friends are not accustomed to exchange greetings at revolver point; neither will friends think it necessary to wear armour at dinner.

Recognize, then, the truth, that the fundamental of armaments is hatred, that hatred is the way of evil, the way of death, the way of extermination.

But I hear it said, "These armaments are necessary to our very existence. We cannot do without them—no nation could."

To which I reply, "For life, one thing is necessary—good-will. Is it not folly to say mankind can only live by armaments? Can only live by destruction? Is it not nearer the truth to say the life of mankind is being destroyed by armaments? Surely life comes more easily from production, from serenity, from joy, than from devastation, fear, anxiety and sorrow."

It has been said no nation can exist without armaments—has any nation at any time tried? Is there in existence such a thing as a Christian nation? I am vastly inclined to doubt it. For was it not said, "Who smites thee upon one cheek, turn thou the other to him also"? And it was not said, "When anyone *prepares* to smite thee upon one cheek, smite thou him first with thy clenched fist."

So I say, only by good-will shall humanity emerge. Force is elemental violence, is destructive, and its apparent victories have no permanence, whereas gentleness is in very truth mighty, for it subdues the heart.

W. B. Bashyr Pickard

WHEN ISLAM CAME TO IRAN

[**Dr. Irach J. S. Taraporewala** is a distinguished classical scholar, former Principal of the Cama Athornan Institute at Andheri and former Director of the Deccan College Post-Graduate and Research Institute, Poona. He here refutes the common misconception of the attitude with which the Arabs came to Iran and defends the spirit of the early Muslim conquerors. Thereby he makes a not small contribution to mutual good-feeling and respect. Historians generally owe it to good relations between peoples to make sure that past examples of tolerance and of co-operation shall not be overlooked or overshadowed by more spectacular and devastating deeds.—ED.]

The Iranian race has been marked throughout its long history by a certain boldness in religious thought and has stood on the whole for freedom of conscience. When given full play under favourable circumstances the Iranian genius has blossomed forth in wondrous ways, and even when hampered and persecuted the Irani has known how to reconcile this freedom of spirit with the observance of strict orthodoxy. Search for knowledge and search for truth have always been the guiding stars of Iranian intellect. It was on account of this trait that Islam had its most glorious fruition in Iran.

The conditions at the time of the accession of Kawādh (487 A. D.) were very closely similar to those prevailing in France on the eve of the French Revolution, or in Russia at the end of the First World War. The causes in all three lands, though separated so widely both in space and time, were similar and the results too were alike. As Dickens says:—

Crush humanity out of shape once more under similar hammers, and it will twist itself into the same tortured forms. Sow the same seed of rapacious licence and oppression over again and it will yield the same fruit according to its kind.

In Sasanian Iran also, as the result of so many years of oppression and neglect of the masses we get as the inevitable result the doctrines of Mazdak.

It was not so much the mysticism of Mazdak that disturbed the ruling classes but the social ideas that naturally flowed therefrom. Mazdak may in many senses be called the first Bolshevik, and in certain respects he went even beyond them. For he preached not merely common possession of property but also common possession of women. At first it was the gnosis and the mysticism that attracted the people as also the Shāhān-Shāh Kawādh. But the forces that had been gathering underground were far too strong, and soon the movement, originally intended as a reform of religion and a going back to the ideas of Brotherhood and Service, became in the hands of an uncontrolled mob a

violent and dangerous revolution. The most significant point about it was that it spread with the rapidity of a forest conflagration.

On Kawādh's death (531 A. D.) Khusraw, the ablest of his sons, was elected to the throne. He was the greatest of the Sasanians, and indeed one of the greatest among the rulers of mankind. He had already made up his mind as regards the state of Iran. He knew and fully realised the great danger that was threatening Iran with an internal explosion, if the Mazdakites were not checked. As soon as he was firmly seated upon the throne he set about suppressing them relentlessly. But like a true "physician of the State" he had also diagnosed the deeper causes of the disease. He had recognised that the distorted doctrines of Mazdakism were but the outward symptoms of a disease which had its roots deep hidden in the body politic. So while he took drastic steps to root out the symptoms he also set about with equal firmness to pull out the roots as well.

The great founder of the Sasanian Empire had declared "that there can be no power without an army, no army without money, no money without agriculture, no agriculture without justice." Khusraw vividly realised the truth of this. He saw that merely wiping out the Mazdakites would not cure the evil, so he made stern Justice the watchword of his life. With clear vision and with utter singleness of purpose he took up the task of saving Iran, and though in the beginning he seemed very cruel and vindictive, it was soon realised that Iran was about to shake off the disease which was eating out her very vitals. Very early in his reign he got the title of "Adl," the Just. There is the famous story of the Roman ambassador looking at the magnificent garden surrounding the royal palace. It was laid out in a fine geometric pattern, yet in one corner there was a strange want of symmetry. The Roman asked the reason why the garden had been spoilt in this manner. He was told that the adjacent land was the property of an old widow who would not sell it, and that the King would not take it by force. The ambassador exclaimed: "This irregularity is more beautitul than the most perfect symmetry."

Little by little his subjects, even the humblest, realised what this selfless and just ruler meant to them. Prosperity and peace returned to Iran and security and justice as well. Above all there was a return to toleration in matters of religious belief such as Iran had not known since the days of the first two Sasanians. Hindu Pandits were invited from India, and Christian philosophers persecuted in Byzantium were made welcome in Iran. These facts may be cited in proof of the toleration practised by Khusraw. For these inestimable gifts which he brought to Iran, for the peace and good-will he had extended to all his subjects, and above all for the strict

justice he meted out to all—for all these—his grateful subjects endowed Khusraw with the most glorious title a man could earn, the immortal name of *Anushak-Rubāh* (Noshīrwān), "He of the Immortal Soul."

After a glorious reign of forty-seven years Noshīrwān passed away (578 A. D.) leaving a name honoured all over Asia. After the removal of his strong hand the Sasanian Empire fell once again into the old ways. There was a flicker of outward pomp and greatness under Khusraw II (Parvīz, 590-627 A. D.), who was an able man but more mindful of pleasure and luxury than of his imperial duties. The old abuses removed by the strong hand of Noshīrwān came back with even renewed force. And after the death of Khusraw Parvīz there followed a welter of anarchy. Within two years a dozen kings and queens were put upon the imperial throne of Iran and removed. The masses were crushed utterly in this ignoble fighting for selfish power. There was no Mazdak this time to preach a gospel of reform and brotherhood, but a great Prophet had already arisen in another land, in Arabia.

When the Prophet of Islam had begun preaching the new Gospel to the Arabs some Iranians of learning and repute had joined him. Parsi tradition mentions among these one "Dastūr Dinyār," better known in Islamic history as Salmān Fārsī. He became a trusted Companion of the Prophet and among certain sects his name is among the three regarded as the holiest in Islam. The Syrian sect of the Nysayrīs include Salmān in their "mystical Trinity," which they designate with the letters A-M-S (Alī, "the Idea"; Mohammad, "the Name"; and Salmān, "the Gate").[1] This remarkable man formed the first link between Iran and Islam. He is said to have communicated to the Prophet a great deal of the inner teaching of Zarathushtra's faith, and helped to make Islam acceptable to Iran.

The Prophet of Allāh taught about the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man, and in early Islam they practised what they preached. Naturally, therefore, the new faith brought new hope and fresh courage to the oppressed masses. The usual story of the Arabs coming down upon Iran with the *Qor'ān* in one hand and the sword in the other is certainly very misleading. The Arabs did come with the *Qor'ān*, and they were eager to find converts, so with it they also brought the message of Brotherhood which had long been forgotten in Iran. What is more, the early Arab rulers of Iran actually practised this brotherhood. The stories of the persecutions of Zoroastrians in Iran *by the Arabs at the time of the conquest* are not true. This does not mean that the Zoroastrians of Iran were never persecuted by the Moslems. The persecutions actually began when the rulers, under the influence

[1] See E. G. Browne, *Literary History of Persia*, Vol. I, pp. 203-4.

of narrow-minded bigotry, tried to enforce one particular set of dogmatic beliefs. In these persecutions the non-orthodox Moslems suffered equally with the non-Moslems.

There are, however, several very strong proofs of the early tolerance of the conquered Zoroastrians which can be quoted from history. In the first place the Prophet himself had admitted Zoroastrianism to be a "revealed" religion and so the followers of that faith were to be regarded as "a People of the Book." Secondly, it has been recorded that the Khalīfa Omar, zealous as he was for the spread of Islam, categorically prohibited the forcible conversion of Zoroastrians to Islam, on economic grounds. According to the law of Islam non-Moslems had to pay the poll-tax, and unless there was a sufficient number of such people the expenses of carrying on the administration could not be met. Thirdly, we know that right up to the days of Khalīfa al-Ma'mūn (813-833 A. D.) Zoroastrians existed in large numbers in Iran and beyond the payment of the poll-tax they were not subjected to any special hardship.

As a matter of fact, the most important as well as the longest Pahlavi work on Zoroastrian theology, the *Dīnkart*, was written at that time by Ātūr Farnbag, son of Farukhzāt, at the express desire of al-Ma'mūn himself. This work gives a detailed account of the laws and customs of the Zoroastrians. It also gives fairly detailed summaries of the whole of the twenty-one Nasks, the sacred books of Zoroastrianism. This certainly proves that Zoroastrianism was not dead in Iran, nor were the sacred books destroyed till almost two hundred years after the Arab conquest. Several other important Pahlavi texts were written about the same time or shortly after. Among them we may mention the *Būndahisn*, the *Epistles of Mānūscihr*, the *Zātsparam* and the *Sikand-Gūmānīk-Vījār*. About the last-named "we may be quite sure that it was written long after the Arab conquest of Persia." In this work we find criticism of Islamic beliefs and the author clearly states that "he did not admire the religion that was then in supremacy."[1]

The idea of most people seems to be that the Arab conquest of Iran marks a clear breach in the life and culture of the Iranian race. Nothing can be further from the truth. We must be specially on our guard against the narrow view that the period immediately following the Arab conquest was a blank page in the life of Iran.

It is on the contrary a period of immense and unique interest, of fusion between the old and the new, of transformation of forms and transmigration of ideas, but in no wise of stagnation and death. Politically, it is true, Persia ceased for a while to enjoy a separate national existence,

[1] *Pahlavi Texts*, Part III (Sacred Books of the East, Vol. XXIV), edited by E. W. West, Introduction, pp. xxvi-xxvii, and p. 169.

being merged in that great Muhammadan Empire which stretched from Gibraltar to the Jaxartes, but in the intellectual domain she soon began to assert the supremacy to which the ability and subtlety of her people entitled her. Take from what is generally called Arabian science—from exegesis, tradition, theology, philosophy, medicine, lexicography, history, biography, even Arabic grammar—the work contributed by the Persians, and the best part is gone.[1]

What was changed in Iran was the dominant religion and the outward forms of worship. Conversions to Islam took place in large numbers among the Iranians. Some of these (perhaps a goodly number from among the higher classes) were due to reasons of personal safety or the gaining of some worldly advantage. Among the masses too these might have been the more important reasons for conversion. But we must admit that a good proportion of these conversions was due to inner conviction.[2] They found the ethics of Islam simple yet lofty and applicable to daily life, the ceremonial simpler and more directly appealing to the ordinary man, and above all they found there brotherhood put into practice. Indeed the teachings of Mazdak, not yet forgotten, had prepared the way.

Even as regards territorial conquest, the Battle of Nahāwand (642 A. D.) did not end the resistance of the Iranians to the Arabs. Iranians continued to offer stubborn resistance in certain localities for many years.

The simple and lofty teachings of the *Qor'ān* were strictly followed in the early days, especially under the first four "orthodox" Khalīfas. During that period many of the Companions, who had known the Prophet personally, were yet living and could bear witness to the life of the Master himself in determining many a disputed point of the Scriptures. As the number of these dwindled there grew up a tendency among a certain class of Arabs to adhere more and more strictly to the *letter* of the *Qor'ān*. It was here that the Iranian mind was unable to agree completely. Iranians wanted Islam to be interpreted very differently from the ideas of these orthodox Arabs. Besides this growing and narrow orthodoxy there was also the racial pride of the Arabs, who as conquerors were inclined to look down upon all Iranians, whether Moslems or not, as altogether inferior to themselves. These causes tended to create a very sharp division between the Arab and the Irani within a very few years of the conquest.

The murder of the third Khalīfa 'Othman "destroyed once and for all the semblance of unity which had

[1] BROWNE, *op. cit.*, p. 204. The remainder of this splendid volume is a development of this theme.

[2] There certainly were some conversions by force also, but the authorities did not encourage these. BROWNE (*op. cit.*, p. 206) mentions that "severe punishment was inflicted by Muhammadan authorities on persons whom an indiscreet zeal led to injure or destroy the fire temples."

hitherto existed in Islam,"[1] and clearly marked out the separate destinies of the Arab and the Iranian. The next to be chosen as the Khalīfa was 'Alī. Many high-placed and important personages in the Moslem world were sorely disappointed, but to the Iranian this choice came as the recognition (although a bit tardy) "of his well-founded claims to that high office." The Iranians, recognising different grades of society and also hereditary monarchy, wanted the principle to be extended to the "apostolic succession" to the Prophet also. Because the Prophet had left no son, the succession, to the Iranian mind, should have been vested in his daughter Fātima and her husband 'Alī. Moreover he was a cousin of the Prophet and the best beloved among his disciples. Besides the Iranians were particularly grateful to him for the treatment of Shar-Bānū, a daughter of Yezdagird III, the last Sasanian ruler of Iran, after she had been captured. He had saved her from all molestation and had later given her in marriage to his own son Husayn. Thenceforth both the apostolic succession and the Imperial succession to the crown of Iran were united in the person of Husayn and his line. The Shī'a faction in Islam was started upon the death of 'Alī, and Iran unanimously decided to support the house of 'Alī, because it represented this double claim, both spiritual and temporal. The tragedy of Kerbalā (680 A. D.) made the cleavage complete. From that date Islamic Iran starts on its own path and Iranian genius blossoms forth in new ways to enrich Islamic thought and culture.

The removal of the capital to Damascus by the Omayyads made the task of consolidating the Shī'a faction easier. The movement in favour of the house of 'Abbās had the complete approval of Iran and it was principally with Iranian help that the 'Abbāsīs were installed at Baghdād. This new centre was very close to Madā'in (Ctesiphon) and hence it also had a sort of glory reflected from the glorious past of Iran. With the 'Abbāsīs began "the Golden Age of Islam" in which Iran came back into her rightful heritage in the world of letters and culture. It was the preponderant Iranian influence at Baghdād that ushered in the era of toleration and freedom of belief. This era "reached its culminating point in the splendid reign of al-Ma'mūn whose mother and wife were both Persians and whose ministers, favourites and personal characteristics were Persian also."[2] Appropriately this culminating period of "the Golden Age of Islam" was also the period when the most important works of Zoroastrianism were produced in the Pahlavi language. The *Dīnkart*, the *Būndahisn* and other works of their group were, as already mentioned, composed at this time.

This wonderful outburst of literary

[1] Browne, *op. cit.*, p. 217.
[2] *Ibid.*, p. 255.

and philosophical activity really represents the Spirit of Iran freed from Arab domination. The real inspiration during this period came from the Mu'tazila school of thought whose leading idea "is best characterised as the enduring protest of sound human understanding against the tyrannical demands which the orthodox teaching imposed upon it."[1] Man was born free to choose his own path; such was the teaching of the great Zarathushtra himself, and after him of all the teachers of Iran.

IRACH J. S. TARAPOREWALA

PATTERN IN HISTORY

Cosmos or chaos? That is the problem with which Prof. V. Gordon Childe, the archæologist, deals in *The Rationalist Annual*, 1945. His conclusions are on the whole heartening to those disturbed by the substitution by many "exact" scientists of probabilities for laws. If the immutable genera and species of the older biologists have given place to evolutionary theory, if

> the old static order of arrangement was dissolved...by that very fact there was displayed a new sort of order—an historical order—no less rational.

For if, as Professor Childe admits, the laws in the historic process are not so overriding and compulsive as to rule out human initiative, laws there are. He sees them as created by the historical process itself, which "has not to conform to any rigid mathematical order, but yet manifests a growing order which reason can partially comprehend."

He finds in the history of history writing

> persistent efforts to find behind the constant flux...a permanent reality exempt from change, a durable order behind apparent chaos, a transcendent unity above the struggling mob of events.

It is a sound intuition that prompts the search for pattern. Whether in history or in the natural sciences, however, a measure of detachment is necessary and the recognition that only a segment of the process is available to the theorist. "Viewed too close, the pattern disappears." Professor Childe applies this concept reassuringly to the dismal view of those modern physicists who see the running down of the universe as an irreversible process. He suggests that physicists wishing "to embark on the seas of history should submit to the limitations of historical order." He recalls that Lord Kelvin's original formulation of the second law of thermodynamics ran "There is *at present* an universal *tendency* to the dissipation of mechanical energy" (italics Professor Childe's). This does not contradict, as does the *ex cathedra* "irreversible," the ancient Indian doctrine of alternate manifestation and dissolution of the universe. That "light and darkness are the world's eternal ways" has a universal validity within the range of our experience which lends it probability upon the cosmic scale.

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[1] Quoted by BROWNE (*op. cit.*, p. 281) from Steiner's *Mu'tazaliten*.

YEATS ON INDIA

[**Dr. Alex Aronson,** author of *Rabindranath through Western Eyes,* and of the recently published *Romain Rolland : The Story of a Conscience,* analyses here the reaction of the Irish poet W. B. Yeats to India. The descent from spiritual attunement to mere æsthetic appreciation ended in the topsyturvy values of Yeats's last years. Yet the attraction was always there. Does anyone whom the real India has touched ever quite forget?—ED.]

Yeats was not the first to discover that poetry is born out of a mystical experience, a kind of supernatural trance where all earthly conflicts are solved and the subconscious itself is transformed into artistic creation. Many before him had experienced a similar spiritual awakening; indeed almost every great poet is confronted, at one time or another, by the truly overwhelming realisation that the life of human beings on earth is in itself hardly at all a significant subject-matter for great poetry, unless it is purified of all extraneous matter, the irrelevancies of a purely "human" existence. Instead of the "all-too-human" of commonplace experiences, there is a new awareness of the "superhuman" level of existence, where the poet becomes one with the all-pervading spirit of the universe.

Many literary critics will not feel happy with such an interpretation of the creative process. They will accuse the poet of indefiniteness and attempt a more "scientific" analysis of the urge for literary expression. But we have to go by what the poet himself tells us. And there is no doubt that, in the case of Yeats, the "superhuman" or "supernatural," in short the non-rational, played an exceedingly important part in his evolution as a writer and a poet. And the fact that, from his childhood onwards, he felt attracted towards things Eastern, and particularly towards India, indeed proves that not only intellectually, but also temperamentally he was drawn towards the subconscious of the human mind. And more than once he found in India what was so sadly lacking in the West: an intuitive approach to life, a religion born of an inner need, a challenge to materialism.

Yeats was a dreamer and more than once he deceived himself into believing in an India of his own creation, the India of the Romantics; indeed, as to so many other European thinkers and poets before him, India was to him a wish-fulfilment rather than a reality. And first and foremost it was an escape, a looking back rather than a looking forward, an India coloured by the nostalgic emotions of a dissatisfied European poet.

Yeats discovered the East when, still an adolescent, he became alienated from science by the "Odic Force" of which he first heard in Sinnett's *Esoteric Buddhism.* From

that time onwards Science became for him "the tree of death" or, as he calls it later, "the religion of the suburbs." Theosophy, Buddhism, the Odic Force and poetry, constituted, for the time being, the essence of Yeats's dreams. He remembers this period of his life with a certain amused irony in his "Reveries over Childhood and Youth."

We spent a good deal of time in the Kildare Street Museum passing our hands over the glass cases, feeling or believing we felt the Odic Force flowing from the big crystals. We also found pins blindfolded and read papers on our discoveries to the Hermetic Society that met near the roof in York Street.

A more mature understanding of things Eastern came with the visit of a "Brahmin philosopher from London" whom Yeats and his friends had invited to spend a few days with them at Dublin.

It was my first meeting with a philosophy that confirmed my vague speculations and seemed at once logical and boundless. Consciousness, he taught, does not merely spread out its surface but has, in vision and in contemplation, another motion, and can change in height and in depth.

Yeats's discovery of India can hardly be called an intellectual and even less an academic achievement. His poetry, indeed his love for all that is primitive and simple and rooted in the soil, quite naturally led him towards India. Already in 1897, in an essay entitled "The Celtic Element," he speaks of the imaginative passions of the "ancient people" who were nearer "to ancient chaos, every man's desire, and had immortal models about them." A few years later, in 1900, in an essay on Shelley, he compares the ministering spirits of Intellectual Beauty with "the Devas of the East, the Elemental spirits of mediæval Europe, and the Sidhe of ancient Ireland," and he regrets that Shelley knew so little about their traditional forms.

Yeats, in his early manhood, was intensely preoccupied with the past, that dim and primeval darkness of ancient times. Indeed he shows all the symptoms of that kind of revivalism which is more concerned with the past than with the future. Even a cursory glance at contemporary poetry made him realise that the future of European literature could hardly be expected to be found in a return to the primitive darkness of ancient times. "There are two ways before literature," he says, "upward into ever-growing subtlety . . . or downward, taking the soul with us until all is simplified and solidified again." (1906) This was written six years before Yeats discovered Tagore's English rendering of *Gitanjali*. And it was quite in the nature of things that he found in *Gitanjali* just those elements of poetry which were lacking in the West: the living tradition of the past, a continuity in the life of the people whose roots are deep down in the soil.

It is from this time onwards that we find Yeats definitely turning towards the East for inspiration.

For by means of a rather subtle identification of ancient Ireland, on the one hand, and India, on the other, Yeats looks for a common past and a common soil in both the countries alike. And in moments of deep depression he will cry out: "It may be well if we go to school in Asia, for the distance from life in European art has come from little but difficulty with material." Or, "Only our lyric poetry has kept its Asiatic habit and renewed itself at its own youth, putting off perpetually what has been called its progress in a series of violent revolutions." (1916) Sometimes, indeed, Yeats feels that Europe has outgrown her past, that every seed has borne its fruit; and in the same essay he continues: "...it is now time to copy the East and live deliberately."

In more recent times, his attitude towards India has indeed become more "deliberate"; instead of the imaginative identification of his early life, he will now have recourse to intellectual prognostications which at times hardly bear scrutiny at all. When he borrowed something from India, he would excuse himself by the supposition that India is essentially Irish. In his introduction to the *Mandukya Upanishad* (1935) he praises the belief of certain Indians who seek the divine in sexual union. Louis Macneice in *The Poetry of W. B. Yeats* mentions Yeats's last prose writing "On the Boiler" which reveals the reactionary ideals which he would have liked to see embodied in his nation. "The formation of military families should be encouraged," he writes, "for human violence must be embodied in our institutions." And Ireland also must have a caste system: "The new-formed democratic parliament of India will doubtlessly destroy, if they can, the caste-system that has saved Indian intellect."

These few quotations can hardly do justice to Yeats's attitude towards India. Taken out of their context they may frequently seem misleading, if not contradictory. A poet's approach to a foreign civilization must necessarily imply a valuation; for what are attitudes if not determined by a system of values that are entirely the poet's own? In the case of Yeats we may safely say that many of his values, both literary and cultural in general, were derived from that revivalist movement which he himself helped to create and which was by no means determined by purely literary considerations. In poetry and in politics, in the drama and in religion, the same forces were at work. It was a return to the primeval simplicity of the past, the unsophisticated civilization of the "people." In discovering their own land, they also discovered India. And although they all too frequently generalised on abstract issues and found similarities between Ireland and India which actually never existed at all, although Yeats in his old age came obviously under the influence of reactionary tendencies, there is no doubt that India was to him the fulfilment of many of his dreams, a vision of the final harmony in human life.

A. Aronson

STEMMING THE TIDE

[**Shri J. M. Ganguli,** M. Sc., LL. B., writes in a mood that assails every thoughtful man from time to time. A blank negation falls upon the soul and all activity seems purposeless. But "To what end all this striving?" and "What can one man do?" are counsels of illusion. Humanity advances slowly in the mass, but in the individual, the microcosm of the Universal Whole, there lie all powers and potencies in germ. The weaknesses and imperfections are only in the personality; the seeming impotence is only there. Can an unfolding God experience despair if he forget not his divinity? It has been well said that we live in an atmosphere of gloom only because our eyes are downcast and rivetted to the earth, with all its grossly material manifestations. The outside world at the present time is a depressing spectacle indeed. But if, instead of looking out and down we looked within, centred our gaze upon the *inner* man, how quickly should we escape the coils of the great serpent of illusion, how surely rise to our true dignity and strength, to be the earlier ready to help the poor, mad world to sanity!—Ed.]

In the *Mahabharata*, in the narration of the battle of Kurukshetra, the analogy of the sea-tides being resisted and thrown back by the coastal sand has been often used to describe how a hero met and received the onslaught of his rival. Sitting on the shore and watching the waves forming and reforming and swelling, out in the sea, under the crimson glow of twilight, watching them creep up and then rush forward with increasing animation to dash against the shore, undamped in their excited spirit and unconcerned at the repeated repulse—one is led to wonder if anything useful results from the resistance and throwing back of the waves by the shore. They come and come, again and yet again, unabated. How ineffective the shore is in changing the tidal tendency! Can such persevering resistance as by the shore reform and change no tendency? Can it do nothing in suppressing the waves and in turning their energy to higher and loftier purpose? Is it for it only to stand helplessly, a silent spectator of the mad fury and wasteful enthusiasm of the unthinking waves?

Such reflections go deeper and bring a feeling of pessimism and despair. How often do we not find such fanatic fury and such unseeing, childish, misdirected enthusiasm around us! There is no stopping that fury and enthusiasm. They go their own way. People affected by them listen to no words of caution or of prudence. Excited instincts drive them. Impulses overwhelm their thoughts and judgment. Pride and vanity cloud their vision. "This is life," they say, as they whirl on after the satisfaction of this or that desire, which, under lack of restraint,

rages strong and wild. "It is inertness to be at a standstill, and not to be moving with the times," they cry. "The days of the great *Rishis*, the days of *Satyayuga*, the days of Buddha's wisdom or Christ's sermons are all long gone. Ideas unfold in a new light; conditions change and assume other complexes; fundamentals are reversed; assessed values and accepted significances get upset, as Time rushes onward."

So they dilate in justification of their up-to-dateness. "Time fleets, and we cannot look back, but must float on in its current, and must keep abreast with things moving and ideals changing." So they express their conviction. However they move; whatever they do; whatever way they may be inclined; they have always arguments in support thereof.

Time does fleet, but in what manner? Does it carry us off with it, bound hand and foot? Or does it only go its own way, by itself, presenting to our view an infinite variety of things revolving in all phases, an endless chain of incidents and happenings with their causes and interrelationship shrouded in mystery, thereby tickling our senses and giving us thoughts, experiences and ideas?

What are we to do? Are we to drift in its current, just like unthinking straws, or should we stand firm, watching movements and passing events and learning to assess true values and significances which bear on our life, conduct and outlook? If we float, our mind and thoughts are preoccupied and excited by the movement and we fail to take the perspective of the receding surroundings and get no time to take a deeper view into things. But if we keep control over ourselves, stand by and observe all around, reflect, judge and decide and move at will and with discretion, our mind is unstrained by rush, unworried by the ebb and flood and undistracted by cross-currents. In an age, however, when fickleness and restlessness have become features of common life and when every mind is turned to change and novelty and to continuous and rapid motion, restraint and steadiness and the taking of well-judged steps would be wild suggestions and would make no impression.

Would things then go on drifting to no purpose, as they seem to do? Would restlessness and mere impulsiveness sweep away the human mind from its moorings, and mere pleasure-hunting thoughtlessness regulate human action? Would ideals and principles which through the ages have elevated the human mind and held it fast to the path of wisdom and purity, in the midst of all temptations, go by the board? Would lofty examples of self-abnegation; of unflinching self-control and discipline; of unshakable faith in a divine purpose in human life and of absorbing devotion to the realization and attainment of that purpose; of unwavering, fanatic pursuit of fixed aims and ideals; of ignoring or overcoming all difficulties and of hardest

sacrifice, even crucifixion if it came in that pursuit, be ridiculed as silly fancy and mental weakness? Would sanctity of altars and of temples, the holiness of Prophetic teachings and the sacredness of the injunctions of the spiritually advanced no longer bring inspiration and mould the life we live?

One after another as the waves come so do such reflections, to leave a sense of lost-ness and indecision. The ineffectiveness of the sandy coast in quieting the watery upheavals only deepens that sense. Is it then worth attempting, ineffectively like the coast, a reform of the trend of things around us, which provoke thinking and often urge us to preach patience, restraint and steadiness?

The spirit for action, the enthusiasm for argument, the inspiration to differentiate the good and the beneficial from the bad and the harmful—they all depart; all work and action cease to have further interest. Poor, humble beings—what can we do, when greater men have failed to achieve their aims? How funny the idea to lift a pebble and put it in the path of a rushing current when stronger hands, having moved big boulders to check it, have failed to leave enduring results? Of course the great Rishis, the holy Incarnations, the Prophetic Sages, who have occasionally appeared and given the lead, have spread their *jyoti* (light), have impressed the mass mind and directed a change in the existing foolish tendencies and unhappy movements. Reforms have been effected and have lasted also for a time, but thereafter there has been lapse and wilderness again. Thus it has ever been. Such ups and downs in human tendencies; such climbing up towards heaven and then slipping down in confusion, unrestraint and disorder; such pursuit after bright ideals and holy teachings, followed, after longer or shorter intervals, by irreverence, disregard and self-satisfying wilfulness—these are in the pages of human history.

With what hope, then, shall I rise from the little rock on which I am sitting to fight the tide and turn its energy to another purpose, towards another ideal? How useless and childish all human acts and enthusiasm appear to be! How ineffective! We think and imagine; we conceive schemes of reform and of a new order; we work with enthusiasm to give effect to them; but when we pause and look up despondency comes and a picture of ultimate futility, spreading through the ages, stands coldly before the vision.

Behind that picture there is a Mysterious Purpose, of which we get only an occasional inkling when our mind is serene and meditative, but which in our littleness we cannot comprehend. The great periodic mass reactions brought about by the Inspired and the Blessed in some inscrutable way form parts of that Purpose, even as current tendencies, which culminate in those reactions, serve in some other way the same

Purpose. But with the imperfections in us we cannot penetrate the Supreme Mystery of all this, and the more we reflect the more our mind swings backward and forward and we find ourselves in indecision at the crossroads of action and inaction. The urge to action comes and we move and act, but the thought of futility and of not achieving lasting results brings icy coldness. There is thus no satisfaction, no happiness. How can, indeed, satisfaction and happiness come when there is so much imperfection in us! Therefore it is that wise men have concentrated on first removing by *sadhana* those imperfections before looking for Revelation. We have to do likewise.

J. M. GANGULI

ROBOTS IN SCHOOL AND IN STATE

With differences in degree most educational institutions of our time are, in the name of discipline, authoritarian in their methods. This applies not only to the field of subjects taught but also to the manner of teaching them. How this educational technique of forcible inculcation of ideas in the long run predisposes the future citizen towards a narrow and conservative old order is finely argued by Mr. James Marshall in the November 11th *Saturday Review of Literature.* Rightly does Mr. Marshall claim that it is in the class room that youngsters' attitudes and predilections are formed and developed. No wonder therefore that those whose education has lain in the hands of teachers to whom free discussion and an open mind are unorthodox carry their dictatorial inhibitions into public life. The fixed attitude of the teacher in imposing upon the young his or somebody else's views, without allowing scope for free development of the children's own thinking capacity is the dangerous parent of creedal loyalties. Mr. Marshall asks a pertinent question:—

> How can we hope for peace if nothing is done to break the cycle of authoritarian classrooms turning out every year around the world millions of little robots ready to accept authority on any terms, for any miserable little promise of reward—and millions of little bullies ready to play the authoritarian in home, in school, in industry, in scholarship, or in government?

If we are preparing for democracy and peace, care must be taken that our education prepares our younger generation to understand and to co-operate rather than to fear and to obey. The most impressionable years of childhood must be devoted to bringing to the children an awareness of the potentialities of self-effort and self-reliance, co-operation and interdependence. The combination of opportunities for the development of these qualities with such discipline as may be necessary to keep the children off the wrong track is a difficult task, no doubt, and one which involves first the training of the teacher. But it is eminently worth doing. None who recognise the rôle of education in saving the future, ought to overlook this important aspect of educational methods.

C. F. ANDREWS : AN APPRECIATION

[Charles Freer Andrews did what one man could to atone for the racial arrogance of his countrymen, the colour-pride of his kind. He was a lover of India, he lived in the Indian way, he championed the victims of prejudice and injustice, he helped the poorest of the poor. He believed in human brotherhood and, quite simply and unaffectedly, he practised, in so far as in him lay, true brotherhood to all without distinctions. He was a faithful follower of the Christ he served. **Shri Gurdial Mallik,** who knew him for long years at Santiniketan, writes here of his devoted ministry of reconciliation.—ED.]

Every educated man has read or heard of the Greek philosopher, who used to hold up a lantern in front of the face of every passer-by on the public road in his search for a full-fledged man. He continued this queer (as it appeared to be, to so many) quest for several years. During that long period quite a number of people, who at least were sure of answering to his objective, had asked him if he had succeeded in his efforts and had been answered always, to their deep disappointment, in the negative. To prove to his angry interrogators that he was right in refuting their claims to the title of a *whole* human being, he would make them look into the magic mirror which he always carried with him : And lo ! their reflections therein only verified the viewpoint of the philosopher, for these revealed them in contours and colours that were far from a confirmation of their pretensions.

This grand and glorious quest will go on till, in the mass, mankind has reached a high level of humanity. In the meantime, one has to be on the lookout for persons who are *wholly* human, to the depths of their souls, at one end, and to their very finger-tips, at the other. For, truth to tell, it is such beings who are really holy, and sign-posts to the yet higher reaches and ranges of spiritual evolution.

It is, no doubt, obvious that we are all on the way to the consummation of the quest in question. However, it does one's heart good to come across in his life, here and there, a person who is fragrant with the fullness of humanity. C. F. Andrews (the fifth anniversary of whose passing away falls on April 5th) was a friend of the poor, who are always with us to evoke and implement our humanity. He provides a useful study in synthetic humanity.

He was born on February 12, 1871, in Carlisle, in the North of England, in a conventionally Christian family. Seated at the feet of his mother he often heard from her lips the story of the Divine Man—the Whole and Holy Man—Christ. This, now and again, would enthuse him to expectancy, so that he would exclaim at every dawn: "If Christ were to meet me today

on the road ! " Once, while he was in a reminiscent mood, he told the writer that on one occasion, while still a boy, he fell seriously ill and the doctors gave up all hopes of his recovery. However, when he opened his eyes after his state of coma had ended, he actually saw a white flower on his bed. He felt it was from Christ, for, on enquiry, he was told that none had put it there. He completed the prescribed school and college courses, the latter at Cambridge. It was here that he met Professor Browne who enlarged his understanding of the crux and core of religion by interesting him in Islamic faith and philosophy, as did Dr. Westcott of Durham by expounding to him the tenets and truths of Hinduism and Buddhism, respectively.

To this expansion of his insight as an orthodox Christian—an expansion which had begun to loosen the strands of the veil on his vision of the *whole* of Truth—were added, later on in life, service of the disinherited and the despised in the slums, of the unjustly condemned coloured people in the colonies, and his intimate and integrating contacts with Swami Shraddhanand of the Gurukula, Hardwar, with Moulvi Zakaulla and Hakim Ajmal Khan of Delhi, with Rabindranath Tagore and Gandhiji—those windows through which shone forth to him the wisdom of the East—" from which comes light. "

Thus, a few of the folds of the cloth of church, caste, colour, country, creed, under which lay hid the basic and beatific humanity of C. F. Andrews, were spread out and straightened. He walked away, therefore, from the parish-pump towards the seashore. He filed off the fetters which *bound* his faith to a particular person or to particular postulates and premises. The result was a radiant self, which had, at long last, responded to the radiance of the Supreme Self.

The practice of *perception*, not profession, of this oneness with all, notwithstanding the diversity of maxims of belief and modes of behaviour, made Mr. Andrews a citizen of the Republic of Humanity. Through his ministry of reconciliation—reconciliation between the governor and the governed, between the coloured and the non-coloured, between the Christian and the non-Christian, between the " have's " and the " have-not's "—he girdled the globe with good-will. And if today, in the colonies in particular, there are groups of people who stand up to the protagonists of parochial patriotism there and are able to steal a little of the latter's thunder, it is due to the devoted labours of Mr. Andrews—the humanist—extending over three decades.

The secret of it all is to be traced to Mr. Andrews's having had the courage to outgrow the inhibiting influences of the three or four main makers and moulders of *partial* or parcelled humanity—the church, caste (in its widest sense), the country and the colour bar—and to cul-

tivate that healing "human touch" of which the poet has sung:—

It is the human touch in this world that counts,
The touch of your hand and mine,
That means far more to the fainting heart
Than shelter or bread or wine;
For shelter is gone when the night is over
And bread lasts only a day,
But the touch of the hand and the sound of the voice,
Live in the soul alway.

GURDIAL MALLIK

AN AMERICAN DILEMMA

Sometimes an objective evaluation of a situation by an outsider can awaken those concerned to the conditions and their implications better than can criticism by their relatives and friends. The Carnegie Corporation did well to entrust the study of the Negro problem in the U. S. A. to a distinguished Swedish sociologist, Dr. Gunnar Myrdal. His admirable two-volume study, *An American Dilemma: The Negro Problem and Modern Democracy* shows the antithesis between the present status of the Negro tenth of the population of the United States and the ideals for which that country traditionally stands.

That study has indubitably played its part in the present stirrings of conscience on the treatment of the Negro. Lord Hailey, commenting on Dr. Myrdal's survey in *The Times* of 25th July under the caption "America's Colour Problem" concedes

> the growing recognition by the American public that in a conflict which is so largely a war of ideas, their country occupies a somewhat exposed position as a defender of the democratic faith.

This is putting it mildly. But for years, even in the South, there have been voices raised in protest against the damage done not only to the Negroes but also to the whites by the inhibitions placed by custom upon natural human intercourse and the many injustices sanctioned or condoned by law. The recognition has been growing that in putting other men in bonds we circumscribe *our* freedom; in shutting others out we shut ourselves in, in an ever-contracting enclosure that ultimately must crush out of us all that could have developed into something broad and free. The human family is an indissoluble unity. Every attempt at fractionation is therefore bound to fail, but mankind has been unconscionably slow at grasping this first lesson in Nature's primer, as witness untouchability in India no less than the racial arrogance found almost everywhere, though most focalised at present in South Africa and in the Southern U. S. A.

Racial arrogance, like creedal exclusiveness, is an expression of provincialism and the little mind. *South Today*, published from Clayton, Georgia, in the "Deep South" has been for seven years boring from within at the solid wall of prejudice that shuts off whites from Negroes to their common detriment. How, it demands editorially in its Spring-Summer issue, 1944, can an international organisation of all peoples be successful unless all become world-minded?

> Can we any longer afford to take our children even through grammar school without giving them knowledge and appreciation of the East?... Surely the greater need today is not to give our children Commando drills strengthening their muscles, hardening their hearts, but to give them ideas on which to stretch their imaginations, exercises in strengthening their identifications with other peoples.

NEW BOOKS AND OLD

A MODERN POET-PHILOSOPHER *

The author has given us a summary of the late Sir Muhammad Iqbal's philosophical views on certain important matters pertaining to religion. He has largely drawn for this purpose on Iqbal's lectures on "Reconstruction of Religious Thought in Islam." He distinguishes the pre-intuitional from the intuitional period in Iqbal's thought. In the former, his thought was pantheistic and so "appealed most to the broken and the tottering society of the Muslims of the time." In the latter, and after his visit to Europe, he emphasised the volitional aspect of life, and held the human ego to be ultimately real. He accepts Islamic realism in all matters. The physical and sensible world is real, because it is perceived, and because it obstructs our will; and so is the ego in all its forms and expressions in animal life. But over and above these empirical realities, there is the supersensible and the transcendent reality of God. This reality can be proved only through a special form of knowledge called Intuition. Mystics alone have this intuition. He himself claimed only the intuition of the Self. God, who is a Person, is to be conceived on the analogy of the human ego, which we may succeed in knowing in certain tense or highly dynamic moments of life.

What Iqbal says about intuition is not very convincing. It is true that intuition can only be understood as an immediate form of experience as opposed to thought and perception. It is also true that it ought to be understood as a cognitive form of experience in which the Real is known. But he goes farther and says that it is a peculiar property of the heart, and not of the mind or the intellect. It is a feeling, in which the subject of experience is submerged. The mystic obliterates himself, and is not other than his own object.

Such a feeling-experience, whatever its value, cannot be *cognitive*. It will be a vague and inchoate feeling of unity, that is all. It will be wrong to say that such an intuition is as objective as our normal experiences. Whatever may be said to the contrary, feeling is subjective. It is not a means of cognising reality. Vedanta accepts intuition; but this intuition is more appropriately intellectual or *bauddhic* than a matter of feeling, and the reality intuited is not objective and external, but in the truest sense the Self or the Atman. This is indeed the character that distinguishes Advait Vedanta from all theistic religions and systems of thought. The highest reality is not external to us, but our very Self. It is the true Person that has shed all limitations of individuality and of egotism. For Iqbal, however, the ego is the highest and the only form of reality. His whole philosophy is the philosophy of ego-hood. Even physical nature is understood by him as essentially dynamic, and so a collection of egoes

* *Metaphysics of Iqbal.* By Dr. Ishrat Hasan. (Sh. Muhammad Ashraf, Kashmiri Bazaar, Lahore. Rs. 3/-)

just like the monads of Leibnitz. The existence of these egoes is permanent and not to be resolved back into God. The existence of God does not involve the obliteration of any self. These selves evolve to greater and greater perfection without losing their individuality. The human ego is the highest so far, but it is not the limit.

Since God is conceived on the pattern of the human ego, he is in a sense an exalted human being. "God as revealed by Intuition is dynamic and highly active in its essence." But he is not an outside God, having external relations to the universe. He is the universe. This definitely points to pantheism. But Iqbal modifies this view through his theory of creation. God has created the world.

> Looked at from outside these acts are spatial things and events. Some of the acts in the course of development have become self-conscious. These are "I" and "you."

Thus the subordinate egos are created, but thenceforward they are immortal and ultimately real. This saves theism. It is however a view which is not very plausible. Something which is the product of an act cannot survive that act. Indeed, if we accept an outside nature to which the act is directed, that nature can, more or less permanently and independently, embody the results of the act. But for God, there is no outside nature which is independent of his act and on which the act may be directed. How can then the products of God's activity have permanent or immortal being? How can the egoes thus created have a real will of their own and freedom to mould their destiny? The author says:—

> The finite egoes are part and parcel of him. Our life is organic to his being. But that does not mean the loss of our ego-hood or freedom....He has of his own accord chosen the finite egoes as participators in his life.

This vacillation between the absolute unity of God and a real plurality of the egoes is most confusing. In Vedantic philosophy, the self is by nature immortal, and not immortal through deeds. He is therefore never created. In fact, ultimately, there is only one real self, and that is the Universal Self.

A question of some interest which arises is, *how* does God create? That he creates through his will may be admitted. But leaving the purpose of creation apart, since all purposes are bound to be finite and human in origin, can the creative act itself be further analysed and understood? The author says in this connection that the perception of God is a living creative activity. "He creates as He knows, and He knows as he creates." This is very significant. It means that God does not *first* create through his will, which is a separate act, and *then* know what he has thus created. If he could do this, the creation would have achieved something real, which could *later* be known. But if he creates as he knows and *vice versa*, knowledge ceases to be awareness of reality in the simple sense. It becomes creative of its object; and the only knowledge which is creative of its object is illusory perception, or knowledge which is not knowledge but imagination masquerading as knowledge. The above view of Iqbal, if it is really held by him, can only be interpreted in the Vedantic way, according to which *all* knowledge of the world is creative of the world *just like illusory perception*. Such knowledge is not real knowledge, but only conception or *kalpna*. The world is an idea

only, not a reality. But to the extent to which it claims reality, to that extent it is illusory and false.

Iqbal's conception of God as *an ego* is anthropomorphic. But he has succeeded to a certain extent in refining the notion. God is the life of the universe. He is the Ultimate Ego which comprehends in itself all beings, all finite egoes. We live and move in God, but remain eternally distinct from him. The Ultimate Ego holds the finite egoes in its own self, without obliterating their existence. It is a view very like the qualified non-dualism or vishishtadvaitism of Sri Ramanuja. In the latter system, however, God does not create but is eternally qualified by *chit* and by *achit*, which constitute his body. He has the differences constituting the world implicit in him, and these he makes explicit at the time of creation. Where a real creation out of nothing is admitted, it is bound on analysis and further reflection to lead to a non-real and illusory world for what is "brought into being" is not really there even at the time when it appears to be there. Will can never create "reality," but only an appearance of reality, which is necessarily illusory in character.

Iqbal's philosophy has distinct trends and practical aspects which distinguish it from Hindoo thought. According to him,

> The more of desires, longings and yearnings, the more we ascend in the scale of life. This creative force of desires is the core of our personality. Higher life does not consist in a state of want of desires.

Hindoo thought on the other hand seeks freedom from empirical existence, and so freedom from its cause, which is desire. Desire originates from Ignorance. The means to freedom then is not will, or prayer or even "Ishq" (love) but right knowledge—*jñyānāt eva tu kaivalyam.*

G. R. MALKANI

SHAW'S "PRIMER OF CITIZENSHIP" *

What is the outstanding characteristic in Bernard Shaw's writing on political and social themes? What is the quality that sets him apart? It lies in this: that he actually sees the object in front of him. He brings a clear eye and a legal mind to bear upon any given institution, finds out what its function is, then looks round and discovers that no one else, whether statesman or citizen, knows that function or understands the situation. Take a minor example from the book under review. One day, hearing that a dressing-room for a municipal football ground had been provided, he strolled in one Sunday morning to look at it. He arrived in time to hear the attendant abusing a player for giving him no tip. The chap had no money. Then he had no right to use the dressing-room, said the attendant. And this was the general opinion of all present, Shaw found. "This was the remarkable part of the business," he continues :—

> Nobody present except myself had any conception of communal institutions. No doubt some of the footballers who had tipped or were about to tip the custodian, though

* *Everybody's Political What's What.* By BERNARD SHAW. (Constable and Co., Ltd., London. 10s.)

they were poor enough themselves, were quite willing to pay a trifle for the exclusion of the absolutely penniless; but neither they nor the custodian himself saw anything dishonest or antisocial in the transaction. No doubt if a police constable had refused to allow them to walk through a main street of their city unless they tipped him, they would have been scandalized, because they were unused to such demands and thought of a street, however well lighted, paved, swept, and policed, as a gratuity of nature, like sunlight or rain water; but they had always paid someone for a dressing-room, and therefore regarded the grafter-custodian as quite in order.

Such has always been Shaw's approach. In matters large and small, ranging from a municipal dressing-room to the complicated functions of the State, he looks to see what actually is being done, and finds that people do not know what they are doing. Bertrand Russell can do this when he has a mind to; but Shaw does it on a far greater scale. That is why, with all his faults, he stands alone and has the right to say—"Heroic aspirations, devoted services, dauntless bravery, unsparing bloodshed are worse than useless when the combatants know neither what is wrong nor how to set it right."

Shaw's approach is again displayed in this book in many places. But there is danger in his method, and the Olympian attitude which he takes up towards the war is not effective, for the reader does not get the impression that he troubles to acquaint himself with contemporary facts. He claims to be equally sorry for both sides, to extend his pity to friend and foe alike. Such an attitude is not only legitimate, but could be an inspiration to others. All governments have been responsible for the growth of Nazism. That is so, and because it is so, we are fools and knaves. But that does not make Nazism other than what it is—a terrible thing, a dreadful, damnable thing, beside which indiscriminate bombing is as nothing, as nothing! Shaw does not see this. He does not feel the evil. And why? Because feeling springs from knowledge. And nowadays Shaw is too self-satisfied to acquaint himself with the facts. It is quite clear that at this stage of his life he never studies, he never ponders, he never listens. Hence his remarks about Hitler, again and again and again throughout the book, are utterly maddening. He regards him as quite a good chap, certainly no worse than any one else, and to be compared with Napoleon as a soldier and Lincoln as a statesman. This is so outrageously untrue as to make one lose all confidence in Shaw's easy assumptions profusely thrown out all the time. In any case what confidence does he ever inspire nowadays in his historical references present or past? Any example will do. "In ancient Rome the Antonine emperors chose their successors, with much better results than under succession by heredity." A statement directly contrary to the assembled facts and the explicit opinion of Edward Gibbon.

Continually throughout the book there are wonderful touches of autobiography, brought in to illustrate a point. At the end he says he would much rather write a play than toil at this book. We are left wishing once again that he would write his autobiography. We will never see it. He genuinely feels called upon to write this kind of book instead. Such is the mixture of humility and pride in his make-up. Immensely proud of his success and

always touching on it, yet he does not care enough to write his life. Even if written today, at this late age, it would be the most entertaining and most readable book written since the year one. When he chooses to let memory call up scenes and people from the past, his Comedic Genius is superb, quite unsurpassed. I have always longed for him to write that book—the fact that biographies of him have been written is quite irrelevant—but I'm sure he never will.

JOHN STEWART COLLIS

Queen Mary College: An Adventure in Education. By GEORGE GODWIN. (Queen Mary College and the Acorn Press, London. 10*s.* 6*d.*)

Some of the interrelated consequences of the Industrial Revolution were the disappearance of the class of skilled craftsmen and the extremes of brutish poverty and complacent opulence devoid of social conscience. The first half of this book describes a series of efforts to ameliorate these conditions in London's forgotten East End of the nineteenth century: the Philosophical Institute, an attempt to introduce to East Enders the humanising influences of music, literature, art and science; the dual enterprise of the People's Palace of recreational activities, and a technical school training boys and youths for the skilled trades and industries, both developments from the former; Queen Mary College, once East London College, a development out of the old technical school.

The second half of the book reviews the amenities and activities in the arts, sciences and engineering of Queen Mary College, now a School of London University, and in possession of a Royal Charter, but still enabling a poorer class than other colleges to acquire a university education.

It is Godwin's task to give a factual history and survey, and to do honour to such men as Beaumont, one of the more enlightened few among the opulent, who conceived the Philosophical Institute; as Hatton, late Principal, to whose imagination and will were due much of the later development; to the unfailing beneficence of the Drapers' Company. He does not assess the achievement foremost in the task of any centre of learning: the inspiration of that change in the hearts and minds of men which must precede lasting improvement in social conditions.

A postscript by Major General Sir Frederick Maurice, successor to Hatton, tells the story of Queen Mary College during the present conflict.

AN EX-STUDENT

ANCIENT INDIAN WARFARE *

In the current crisis of world history, as the inmost values shiver to pieces and civilization seems but a painted mask blown off the face of Reality by the War blast, it is of much interest to look back across the ages and examine the nature of warfare in the early dawn of our cultural life. Ancient India with all its wealth of wisdom was often a scene of fierce conflict. The author of the volume under review has made a detailed exposition of the "art" (must we use this word in relation to war?) and "science" of war in India from the earliest times to the close of the Vijayanagar epoch.

The physical aspects of warfare—the weapons, the composition of the army, the strategic patterns—as also the ways and instruments of diplomacy, absorb the bulk of the volume. Professor Dikshitar writes with clarity and force. His material is well arranged. Oddly, however, he has not a flicker of doubt that "the ancient Indians conquered the air" and fought aerial battles, employing flying cars, flying horses and the like. He is content with the "evidence" that the sky vehicles have been elaborately described in ancient Indian literature (in fact, the descriptions are very far from elaborate) and that such machines are no longer a stuff of fancy today. Strange logic, this. It may be pointed out that we shall not deepen the glory of Ancient India by burdening her with fanciful achievements; it is enough that the intellectuals of old bent their best energies to the search for Illumination, rather than to the conquest of the air for warlike ends and the discovery of poison bombs (*mohanastra*).

The author's main contribution to his theme has been effected in the first two chapters, "The Psychological Background of War" and "The Laws of War." He makes the point that the spirit of the ancient ages was not conducive to peace and that war was regarded by the State as a duty "which tended towards the common good." An entire caste, the Ksatriyas, were set apart for the purpose of war, with the result that warlike mentality, war preparedness, was fostered and peace despised. Significantly, however, the Ksatriyas were assigned a social rank inferior to that of the caste that looked to the intellectual and spiritual needs of the community. Further, since war was the business of the military caste alone,

> it did not eat into the vitals of the social structure, as it does today. Society pursued the arts of peace, trade and commerce unaffected by the wars.... A kingdom conquered and a kingdom vanquished meant no disturbance to the agelong civil administration.

The post-Vedic epoch produced the warrior's code, *Dharmayuddha*, as opposed to the baser form of *Kutayuddha* in which Rakshasas, and no men of honour, indulged. *Niti*, ethical principle, carried as much weight on the field of battle as *saurya*, valour. The code of conduct enjoined that the warrior should fight only his equal in power and skill, and cease fighting when his opponent was disabled. A weak, wounded or disarmed enemy was not to be attacked, and one who offered surrender was

* *War in Ancient India.* By V. R. Ramchandra Dikshitar. (Macmillan and Co., Ltd., Madras. Rs. 15/-)

not to be killed but taken prisoner and treated with mercy. The wounded opponent must be given proper medical care. Poisoned or barbed arrows should not be used. Peaceful citizens must not be molested.

Megasthenes wrote :—

> Whereas among other nations it is useful in warfare to ravage the soil and reduce it to waste, among the Indians, the tillers of the soil, even when battle is raging in the neighbourhood, are undisturbed by any sense of danger from the combatants....The warriors never ravage an enemy's land with fire.

The author concludes: "Abolition of war is a delusion and a snare. It is beyond the pale of practical politics. War is a law of human existence. It cannot be eradicated, but it may be ennobled." And he proceeds in the same breath : "Let us resolve on the renunciation of war." One fails to see how one can renounce war if it is a law of human existence. And, as for ennobling war, it is useful to remember that war today, by virtue of certain technical developments, must necessarily be totalitarian. Victory hinges on the power of industrial production. The civil population, the home front, is an essential part of the picture, and no ennobling process could place this target beyond the range of ruthless attack.

BHABANI BHATTACHARYA

The Kingdom of the Mind. By ALBERT MANSBRIDGE. (J. M. Dent and Sons, Ltd., London. 12*s.* 6*d.*)

Dr. Albert Mansbridge, a selection from whose essays and addresses with a short account of his career has been recently published in this book, has worked indefatigably for many years in the cause of secondary and adult education. "Good citizenship and the higher products of civilization both depend on the things of the spirit and imagination which were in the greatest danger of being lost in a mechanical and material world," Dr. G. M. Trevelyan writes in his Foreword, and then with a slight effect of reconsideration adds: "The danger is even greater than when Mansbridge started out on his astonishing campaign. But the danger would be greater still but for the remarkable degree of success that has attended his efforts." That last sentence, however, is not susceptible of proof unless it can be shown that a percentage at least of those who have made their protest in one form or another against the horrors of modern war, were specifically influenced by Mansbridge's teaching; and we cannot help feeling that the editor, Mr. Leonard Clark, was ill-advised to open his introduction by quoting the words of Sir Christopher Wren's Memorial in St. Paul's Cathedral. "*Si monumentum requiris, circumspice.*" But if we look around us at the present moment we must be led to the inevitable conclusion that all the efforts of the educationists have so far been spent in vain. Is it not conceivably possible that if the basis of all teaching from the child's earliest years, in Europe and throughout the world had rested upon the one clear doctrine of the brotherhood of man without respect to race, creed or colour, all the vileness and miseries of our present condition would have been impossible? To substitute Biblical English for that inscription, say "By their fruits ye shall know them," and then let us ask ourselves whether or not the educationists of the past are justified of their seeding.

J. D. BERESFORD

HOPKINS: A STUDY IN CONFLICT *

Twenty-five years ago, when Robert Bridges first edited Hopkins's poems, the subtitle of Dr. Gardner's book would have caused surprise. No one then, in the amazement of first grappling with his verse, would have questioned the idiosyncrasy. But few would have recognised the tradition. It is different today. But not the least service Dr. Gardner has done to Hopkins and his future readers in this admirable book is to show how deeply rooted in the past were some of the poet's most startling innovations, how even his "sprung rhythm" existed not only in Welsh poetry and in Langland and Skelton, but in Shakespeare and Milton, and how his imagery, diction and syntax had close affinities, too, with Chaucer and Spenser and above all with the "metaphysical" poets. In an undergraduate essay on the subject of "Health and Decay in Art," Hopkins wrote,

> Perfection is dangerous because it is deceptive. Art slips back while bearing, in its distribution of tone, or harmony, the look of high civilisation, towards barbarism. Recovery must be by a breaking up, a violence.

Never perhaps was that more true than in Hopkins's lifetime when Victorian art and life, despite a show of order and prosperity, were already dying of spiritual lethargy. Hopkins, as his letters show, was vividly conscious of this, and it was one of the causes of the extreme tension under which he lived, but not the primary one. That was in himself, both as a Jesuit and a man, in the conflict between the poet and the priest—the one eager for self-expression, the other dedicated to self-effacement—which Dr. Gardner sensitively traces. Throughout his adult life he had to maintain a precarious poise, not only between two vocations, each of them spiritually intense, but between the self-affirming and self-denying impulses of his being. The tension generated by this conflict was exceedingly high and from it sprang a poetry as original, as ecstatic, as palpable and finely sensed, within its own limits, as any in our English tongue. From it, too, came the stark desolation which speaks so unforgettably in his last sonnets.

But those readers who complain that the stress of his verse is over-great, or at least too continuously pitched at an extreme, have some reason for their complaint, though Dr. Gardner will hardly admit this. A too sharp focus can be as much a defect in art as vagueness, and there are times when it is not so much the indolence of Hopkins's reader as a lack of the balancing qualities of rest and reverie in the poet which provokes the feeling that he is overstraining the language and the medium of his expression. But this was a defect, if defect it was, of supreme and unique qualities. And for all who would fully enjoy these, but who are in any way baulked by technical difficulties, Dr. Gardner's book will be invaluable.

No such detailed annotation of the poems has previously appeared. Hopkins's great ode, "The Wreck of the Deutschland" is examined stanza by

* *Gerard Manley Hopkins (1844-1889): A Study of Poetic Idiosyncrasy in Relation to Poetic Tradition.* By W. H. GARDNER, with a Foreword by Gerard Hopkins. (Martin Secker and Warburg, Ltd., London. 25s.)

stanza in the light of his own directions for scansion, and the study of his sonnets is equally thorough and comprehensive. Of biography there is not a great deal, and two chapters are devoted to the past reactions of critics and reviewers and to Hopkins's influence on modern poetry. But it is in his sympathetic and exhaustive elucidation of the texture of the verse that Dr. Gardner excels.

HUGH I'A. FAUSSET

"REGENERATION OF GENERATION" *

It is difficult to convey within the space of a review the very precise nuances of Mr. Murry's thought as enunciated in this book.

I once quoted against him Keats's "O for a life of sensations rather than of thoughts!" and he replied: "Yes, but we must learn to understand as well." Therein you have the key to this book and to those that preceded it. Murry is a man who has felt deeply and now must understand profoundly.

In *Europe in Travail*, he now reminds us, he suggested that "the main cause of the present demoniac orgy of destruction and death is the complete failure of our machine-society to abolish mass-unemployment except by the temporary and insane expedient of production for war." So, says the intellectual (the "conceptual thinker": a man of good-will, as likely as not), we must solve the unemployment problem. Thus another fetish, another chimera, is born: the unemployment problem. But listen to Murry four years after *Europe in Travail*:—

> Industrial full-employment is a perverted ideal which has taken hold of men's minds simply because industrial society has shown itself impotent to abolish mass-unemployment in time of peace. It solves the problem of unemployment by war and the preparation for war. Full employment by war is necessarily industrial full-employment. But to conclude from this that full-employment in peace must be industrial full-employment is a signal example of the contemporary incapacity to look beyond the giant symptoms to the real causes of our distress. Total war, with its necessary concomitant of industrial full-employment, is an extreme condition of disease. To suppose that industrial full-employment, without war, is a state of health is insane.

That is an example of creative, organic thinking, of thinking that *follows from* experience—in Murry's case, the experience of founding an agricultural community, an attempt to build a "cell of good living" in the midst of irresponsible anarchy.

But a community of individuals—nay, the individual himself, must be realised, must be made crystal-clear. What is this "me"?

> ...there is a certain delicacy, a certain tenderness, a certain spontaneity, of human behaviour, which is human and gentle and true. Something strives incessantly and instinctively towards this quality in themselves; something in themselves is instantly responsive to this quality in others. But a kind of fear often gets in the way. They are afraid to trust themselves, or others, or life, lest the fine point of the soul be blunted, or intolerably hurt. The moment comes when the fear of being what they are is suddenly removed from them. That is Rebirth.

Which tells us, not merely what we are, but what we must strive to become.

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* *Adam and Eve: An Essay towards a New and Better Society.* By JOHN MIDDLETON MURRY. (Andrew Dakers, Ltd., London. 10*s.* 6*d.*)

But we do not "become" in a vacuum. "Real life is meeting." And "meeting" is "loving"; and "loving," for most men, is loving one particular woman; for most women, loving one particular man.

This, then, is what *Adam and Eve* is about: the "regeneration of generation." Not merely the rebirth of the individual, the "me," but the rebirth of physical love itself. It is a difficult book to read; an impossible one to describe. For, as always, Murry demands that we should experience for ourselves, not take him on trust. And if we lag behind him, even those of us whose experience lies in the same direction as his own, it is because such an experience as that which he describes is rather something to be *celebrated* than understood. "We had the experience, but missed the meaning." The only sensible criticism one could make of this true and beautiful book is that Murry errs a little the other way; one fears now and then that he is in danger of losing the experience in passionate pursuit of its meaning. But that is a minor quibble; in point of fact, the Heart's lucidity is never lost sight of.

By and large, it is a happy book in spite of the débâcle which prompted it. The threads of many of Murry's earlier themes—Jesus, Keats, Lawrence, Blake—are woven into a sort of fugue: a mature statement of ripeness and wisdom which should at least clear the ground for the unhappy young (to whom the book is largely addressed) to experience their own rebirth.

J. P. HOGAN

The Sutra of Wei Lang (*or Hui Neng*). Translated from the Chinese by WONG MOU-LAM; ed. by CHRISTMAS HUMPHREYS. (Published for the Buddhist Society, London, by Luzac and Co., London.)

This book contains lectures, questions and answers by an exalted soul who, some twelve hundred years ago, devoted his life to propagating the Law and expounding the Truth. Adding nothing of his own invention, he has honestly repeated the truths given to the world by his great predecessor, Gautama Buddha. Dealing with Prajna or spiritual discernment, he has laid great emphasis on control of the mind, on detaching the mind from vain desires of the objective world and on turning the mental energy to the subjective world to ideate on the higher principles of life. He has equally discouraged leaving the mind blank and indulging in external rituals in the name of Religion. Asked whether building temples had any permanent value, he replied that permanent good could come alone from building up the temple of God within. He has laid equal emphasis upon the moral side of life, for ethics and philosophy are indispensable accompaniments of a noble mind.

Of literary flavour and fragrance the book has none, yet its intrinsic value is undeniable. Those who have come to recognise all as eternal pilgrims towards the realization of wisdom, will derive some inspiration from its perusal.

Like every exponent of truth, Wei Lang came and went, leaving his message behind and a band of earnest disciples to carry on his work. The word "Orthodoxy" on p. 57 is rather hard to accept as a true rendering of Wei Lang's meaning, for it fits in ill with the liberal philosophy taught throughout the book.

ASHIKALLY KHALIQ

Gandhi. By CARL HEATH. (Geo. Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 2*s.*)

In the undignified haste of the Tory-Communist coalition to denounce Mahatma Gandhi as a dangerous and formidable enemy of Britain, and at the same time to depreciate him as a "spent force" in Indian affairs, we saw the beginning of the contrariness that has characterised the mind of the Red Queen for several painfully tragi-comic years. There may be some subtle intellectual idiosyncrasy in Alice-through-the-Looking-Glass statesmen and journalists that prevents them from appreciating the plain logic of an Indian saint who cannot find it consistent with balanced reason and conscience to hold two conflicting premises at the same time and contend that both are right. There may be some genuine intellectual difference here; or there may be some underlying moral factor in history which causes the Alice-through-the-Looking-Glass people to lull logic to sleep with the narcotic of a conveniently bad memory.

Carl Heath has all Alice's capacity for keeping his mind on the sane side of the Looking-Glass. His brief and cogent study, *Gandhi*, "the character and the virtue of a great Indian, a world-famed leader of men," will be appreciated by all who are not blind to the necessity for a soul-searching restatement of moral, political and historical values.

It is heartening to find such clarity of judgement in the mind of a contemporary European Christian. Lost in the complex evasions of the Church and the contrariness of the India Office, the average British Christian's well-intentioned but uninformed opinions on Gandhi are all too easily crystallised into conventional nonsense and small-talk. The Mahatma's stubborn adherence to truth and the way of redemptive suffering (incidentally, a way as essentially Hindu as Christian) is grotesquely misconstrued to "prove" him a pacifist enemy of Britain and a secret friend of Japan. Carl Heath repeats and enlarges upon Field-Marshal Smuts's verdict on this accusation: "Sheer nonsense!"

He brings to his task of defending Gandhi that enlightened historical perspective in which alone it is just and sensible to regard a saint:—

> All through the long history of mankind the world has been kept from ultimate tragedy and despair by prophetic and symbolic men. Their great and creative function is to see in vision the coming new day whilst the spiritual sleep of the many is still unbroken; and to acclaim the new life whilst others still perceive naught save the darkness....
>
> The war is around us in all its fury and destructiveness, and none can say what kind of Western Christendom or what Orient will emerge. But even the greatest wars come and go and are forgotten. Great ideas cannot be lost or destroyed though their realization wait on time. *India will be free*, and in her freedom she will not forget that strange little man, the mahatma or great soul, that "opened up the path of freedom" for his country.

Such is the verdict on Gandhi of this brave and aware book. Doubtless it will be read with incredulity and horror in some high places of the Red Queen. But to many others, who believe in a saner world for humanity than the Wonderland of Power Politics, the argument of the book will bring to mind Bernard Shaw's salutary historical verdict on Europe: "We teach history from the lives of our scoundrels: when will we begin to learn it from the lives of our saints?"

DENNIS GRAY STOLL

Meaning and Purpose. By KENNETH WALKER. (Jonathan Cape, Ltd., London. 7*s.* 6*d.*)

The twentieth century ethos has been one of increasing cynicism and indifference in relation to all the things that matter, combined with an ignorant acceptance of the fruits of inventive genius as necessary to our physical salvation. It is adequate comment upon the spirit of the age and the irresponsibility of some of our intellectuals that the broadcasting from England of the findings of what has been called the Brains Trust is so often looked upon by the listening public as a "comic turn." We have entered upon the era of the "magazine mind" —everything in turn and nothing for long! The democratization of science and religion has its place in the educational sphere; but no longer do we witness the "classical age" in any department of human thought, for there are no unchallenged assumptions. The agony and toil will be worth while if it be realized that there are no permanent resting-places for the human mind in its evolutionary processes.

Mr. Kenneth Walker's essay is bound, therefore, to stimulate enquiry. He dedicates it to "those members of the younger generation who, at present engaged in war, will soon turn from the work of world-destruction to the infinitely more difficult work of world-construction," without asking too closely if the former task is in any way a fit preparation for the latter. He has borrowed freely from contemporary thinkers in his survey of existing philosophical theories. He is an unsparing critic of unadulterated Darwinism, fanatical Freudianism, the worship of Race and the so-called religion of Humanism. His attitude towards religion is defined by "the conviction of the existence of a spiritual reality behind all appearances and the recognition of an urgent necessity to live to the utmost of our ability in harmony with it." He believes that there is a method of apprehending truth "other than through the special senses and the reason," and he quotes with approval Sankara: "All forms contain an element of untruth, and reality is beyond them." In discussion of the existence of a special faculty of apprehension, Mr. Walker seems to prefer the term *bodhi* as describing this instrument of direct cognition.

It is significant that such a book as *Meaning and Purpose* should be written and published at this time. It is in the avenue of thought to which Bergson, Eddington, Whitehead, Frederic Wood Jones, and Macneile Dixon belong. Mr. Walker expressed his indebtedness to all these, and to the list may be added René Guénon:—

> Guénon attributes the present chaos in the Western world to its having lost all connexion with "traditional knowledge" (*The Crisis of the Modern World*). By these words he implies such knowledge, often handed down orally, as is contained in the Vedas, the Tao, and in esoteric forms of Christianity and Mohammedanism. He is of the opinion that nothing but a renewed contact with these traditional and higher systems of thought will avert the disaster towards which the Western world is now drifting.

Mr. Walker has written an important and attractive essay which it may be hoped will be read widely by the younger generation to whom it is dedicated, and will introduce the older generation to a resurgent ideal, in the growing attention being paid to the possibility of a synthesis of knowledge.

B. P. HOWELL

Git Manjari: An Anthology of Old Rajasthani Bardic Songs. (Sadul Oriental Series, Dedicatory Volume. Anup Sanskrit Library, Bikaner.)

The Anup Sanskrit Library at Bikaner, one of the largest manuscript libraries in India, has been doing valuable work in bringing to light rare old manuscripts. For the publication of Sanskrit manuscripts it started some time ago the Ganga Oriental Series. Now for corresponding service to other indigenous-language manuscripts, mainly Rajasthani and Hindi, this Sadul Oriental Series, named after the reigning Maharaja, has been started. The importance of such an undertaking hardly needs emphasis. Rajasthani, as is well known, is a storehouse of folk-tales, legends, ballads and romance, and the reader will doubtless expect much from the series. This volume brings together forty-two old bardic songs in Rajasthani, elucidated for the ordinary reader by short introductory comments. In keeping with the martial tradition of the people the songs mostly centre around heroism in battle. While many eulogise the strength in arms of the former rulers of Bikaner there are a few which sing of their large-hearted patronage to literature and the arts. It is peculiar that, unlike the ordinary folk-song, these *Charana-gitas* are not to be sung but recited in a stately, vigorous and masculine manner, as befits the high-sounding account they give of daring and adventure. While their sidelights on history make the publication of these pieces valuable one cannot but feel that songs that throw more light on the common life of the people would have added to the attractiveness of the publication.

V. M. I.

The Deliverance. By SARAT CHANDRA CHATTOPADHYAYA. Translated from the original Bengali by DILIP KUMAR ROY, revised by Sri Aurobindo, with a Preface by Rabindranath Tagore. (Nalanda Publications, N. M. Tripathi Ltd., Bombay 2. Rs. 3/4)

Shri Sarat Chandra, who passed away in 1938, had an extraordinary insight into the values and working of our social system, his own sympathies being invariably with the submerged and the suppressed. The novelette under review is accordingly a picture, at once moving and meticulously faithful, of life in a joint family in Bengal. Behind and below the clash and cross-currents of varied interests and activities of the members of that miniature federation, there is the steadfastly flowing stream of affection in which every one bathes and finds deliverance from possessiveness, pettiness, pain and preoccupation. The law of the *materfamilias*, be she the mother or her attorney, the eldest daughter-in-law, who is now tyrannical, now tender, finds its eventual fulfilment, thus, in love. It is this characteristic which, to quote from the poet's Preface, endows "the trifles in people's personality with living significance." And therein lies the virtue of the joint-family system, despite its several patent defects in the present day. To the non-Indian and non-Bengali-knowing reader *The Deliverance* will be, indeed, a welcome passport and a peep into the heart of our veiled womankind. A meed of praise is due to the scholarly translator, as is a word of commendation to the publishers.

G. M.

Folk-Songs of the Maikal Hills. By VERRIER ELWIN and SHAMRAO HIVALE. (The Oxford University Press, Bombay. Rs. 15/-)

Folk-songs are the first-fruits of the self-realization of the sons of the soil. Through their love for the earth and their labour in its service the latter grow into *rapport* with life. For them, therefore, whatever enters into the panorama, pageant or procession of their existence is a suitable subject for song and dance. Thus before long the ploughman, by some mysterious process, becomes the poet whose harp bursts forth into manifold music.

In the folk-songs of the nations there is an authentic history of the primary passions, pursuits, pleasures and preoccupations of man in all their colourfulness. And because till a few decades ago we had neglected them we had forgotten the truth that life is a romance. A study of the folk-songs of a people, therefore, is not only a reminder of this truth but also a basis for a reorientation of our attitude to communities who are supposed to dwell beyond the precincts of so-called modern civilization and culture, with all their fineries, fads, follies and futilities.

The authors of this book have been for years earnest students and servants of the life and literature of the aboriginal population—Baiga and Gond, Agaria and Dhoba, Pardhan and Bharia —who have inhabited for centuries the Maikal Hills in Central India. They have already to their credit a number of volumes on the subject. Their approach has been all-sided and not segmentary like that, say, of a botanist or a biologist.

The present selection of songs is a sumptuous assortment of Karma, Rina and Sua, Saila and Dadaria songs, songs of love and marriage, cradle, mourning, craft and labour songs, songs of cowherds and of social and political festivals and Dadara and snake-bite songs, together with an epic of the Pardhan people. The gamut includes gay as well as grave, but the more dynamic note is gay, for is not joy, as the Masters of old said, the major motif of life? Let us now hear a few snatches of some of the folk-songs, sung in diverse moods and to varied melodies. (The principal ones among the latter have been illustrated with notations.):—

(A girl, going to her husband's house for the first time refers picturesquely to the maturing of her youth):—

I cannot bear this sorrow
I am the very life of my mother and father
The cloth that used to be over my shoulder
It is over my head now
That is what I will take to my husband's house.

(Here is a Riddle Song, about the sun, revealing the wit and wisdom of the peasant):—

To Kajliban I go
To Brindaban I go
Trusting in God
The sky is my mother and father
The earth is my camping-ground
A flower blossoms
Without branch or leaves.

(A Love Song):—

Let me remain with you
For love my tears flow
The house is no more a house
The forest is no longer forest
Every hill becomes a mountain
Without you by me
Take me with you
For love my tears flow.

(A Political Song):—

Liquor, you turn us into kings,
What matter if the world ignores us?

...one bottle makes a Gond a Governor
What matter if the Congress ignores us?

(A Festival Song):—

O brother, think of God
In the dawn remember him
The moon has a little light
But the sun burns like fire....
Put no trust in the body
In the dawn remember God.

Such then, is the feast of philosophy and fun, to which the children of humanity have been sitting down daily for ages, despite life's grim struggles and sorrows.

India will ever remain grateful, indeed, to Dr. Elwin and Shri Hivale for having rescued a treasury of pure songs, and a pattern of unsophisticated, indigenous, original feeling and thinking, which stood in danger of being buried in the limitless limbo of oblivion.

G. M.

Hero or Fool? A Study of Milton's Satan. By G. ROSTREVOR HAMILTON. (P.E.N. Books, George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 2*s.*)

In this very able essay Mr. Rostrevor Hamilton seeks to answer arguments by both Mr. Charles Williams and Mr. C. S. Lewis, the one of whom has, it seems, called Milton's Satan idiotic, the other, absurd and nonsensical. Mr. Hamilton's own conclusion, on re-examination of *Paradise Lost,* is that Satan is a hero, but a "darkened and perverted" one; a tragic figure, who has fallen prey to illusion and error. Mr. Hamilton's approach may be said to be that of humanity redeemed by poetic imagination; Mr. Williams's and Mr. Lewis's is Christian in the orthodox sense. So, no doubt, was Milton's, but he again was redeemed by poetic imagination; the conflict in him between poet and moralist is patent.

What very clearly arises, however, from this slender controversy concerning the nature of Milton's Satan, is in fact the contemporary conflict between humanity and the church. The Christian spirit is a free spirit. Dogma is inevitably at enmity with it. For those churchmen in whom the intellect is supreme, the dualism of good and evil can never be resolved; they exclude the imaginative spirit which alone is capable of bringing about this synthesis and stilling the conflict at the point where only being, a state neither good nor evil, but surviving both, remains.

Happily for us, Milton was a great enough poet repeatedly to rise above the temptation to dualism into which his passion for dogmatic Christian morality too often led him; and his Satan, though not his Omnipotent, is a poetic creation almost consistently unspoiled by that temptation. It is Satan, rather than God, whom the spirit of poetry has touched, bringing him to a point at which the human understanding can deal with him—on the imaginative ground where he appears as a tragic figure, and in our own likeness.

Here, it would seem, the poetic imagination is serving a characteristically creative purpose. Descending into the hell which we have allowed ourselves to share with Satan, the poetic imagination declares its identity with love and reconcilement, and sets about redeeming not only us, but Satan too.

Mr. Hamilton's essay is criticism of the first order, an able retort to Mr. Williams and Mr. Lewis, arising from a surer insight into *Paradise Lost* and admirably raising fundamental issues.

R. H. WARD

India and China. By S. RADHAKRISHNAN. (Hind Kitabs, Hornby Road, Bombay. Rs. 6/-); *Education, Politics and War.* By S. RADHAKRISHNAN. (The International Book Service, Poona 4. Rs. 5/-)

Sir S. Radhakrishnan is an accredited ambassador of culture. He belongs to a country—to quote words he once uttered in reference to his Motherland—"whose spiritual heights rest on a basis that embraces all humanity" and where "men love reason, shun darkness, turn towards light, praise virtue, despise meanness, hate vulgarity, kindle sheer beauty" and have minds "sensitive, hearts generous, spirits free."

These two publications, expressions of his vision of what constitutes the core and crux of Sino-Indian culture, are tonic draughts. The first volume comprises Sir Sarvepalli's addresses delivered in China during May 1944, when he visited that war-torn country at the invitation of its Government. They deal with China and India in a general way, but more specifically with the ideals of Chinese education and religion. The lecture on "War and World Security," however, covers a wider ground. The second volume consists of a selection of his public speeches and press statements made in India during 1937-1944, touching upon some of the most vital problems that confront the country today. Thus, the one lifts the veil off the soul of China, the other off that of India. In a sense, therefore, they are complementary.

It is difficult to make any representative extracts from the books; these have to be read over and again whenever one's thought-temperature is low. None-the-less, a few of the sentences which will ever haunt the reader may be quoted here at random. From *Education, Politics and War* :—

> We cannot sit on a powder magazine and smoke a pipe of peace....If your education does not help you to live well, if it does not teach you to get on with others, it has failed of its function....We have to rebuild the city in the soul, which has been so disastrously invaded by the false gods of pride and power and undermined by selfishness and stupidity. ...Prosperity without justice is like a house built on sand....Let us hold fast to the anchor of spirit however much the winds may change and the tides ebb and flow.... Communal prejudice is not instinctive but it is a cultivated attitude.

And from *India and China* :—

> [The Chinese] do no theorize but respond to the concrete realities of the situation.... [The Chinese] culture has great respect for personality....[The religious communities] do not use their religions as weapons of political warfare [and the] fatherland of Chinese Communists is China and not the Soviet Union.

Sir S. Radhakrishnan's "Lecture Programme in and around Chungking," given in Appendix I to *India and China* has as its first item: "May 7th, 1944, 7-30 p. m. Met the 'Living Buddha' from Tibet." This is quite tantalizing and one wishes the distinguished savant had said something on the subject. By-the-by, during his sojourn in China as a cultural ambassador from India, should he not have interpreted his own country to the people there at greater length rather than only interpret China to the Chinese, as he did in most of his addresses?

G. M.

ENDS AND SAYINGS

"_____ ends of verse
And sayings of philosophers."
HUDIBRAS

"Women's Rôle in Civic Life" was the theme of Shri U. M. Mirchandani, I. C. S., Municipal Commissioner of Bombay, addressing the annual conference of the Bombay Presidency Women's Council at Bombay on February 23rd. Woman's civic rôle begins in the home but should not end there. Catering to the wants of the few is not enough when the conditions in which the many live are as shocking as Shri Mirchandani's figures showed. Ignorance, squalor, overcrowding, disease, challenge dallying women. The prevailing misery is intimately connected with the indifference and selfish indulgence of the trustees of wealth and their neglect of duty, which has been well defined as "that which *is due* to Humanity, to our fellow-men, neighbours, family, and especially that which we owe to all those who are poorer and more helpless than we are ourselves."

If all women fulfilled their civic duties there would be no civic problems, as Shri Mirchandani said. But a goody-goody wish to do good, he made plain, was not enough. There must be an overpowering will to do, knowledge of the problem and cultivation of the means to apply that knowledge, which he might have correlated illuminatingly with compassion, wisdom, sacrifice—the three main channels for expression of the innate divinity in man (or woman).

Shri Mirchandani favoured a Civic Institute, not the least of whose rôles would be educational. He did well to marvel that woman's achievement should be so small compared with her incalculable power.

> Women can give life, can train and teach, can control and sustain in difficulty, can amuse and entertain; they can preserve our culture and tradition—and they can also destroy.

Destruction does not necessarily take the form of spectacular ruin. To fail to preserve is to destroy.

The problem of post-war mass education for India was ably discussed by Mr. Syed Nurullah, Principal of the Secondary Teachers' Training College, Bombay, before the annual conference of the Bombay Presidency Women's Council on 22nd February 1945, under the presidency of Shrimati Kamala Dongerkery. Universal primary education for children and literacy for adults is the need. Mr. Nurullah emphasised equality of opportunity for all without exception. But how could we bring about these admittedly desirable ends? The Sargent scheme, endorsed though it was by many Indians, was based on the experience of countries widely different from ours. It set a long-term goal of forty years, when no one knew how long the breathing period would be before another war would be upon us, or major changes in the economic structure of the country would occur. It called for an expenditure out of all proportion to our present

resources. It provided eight years of compulsory schooling, whereas Mr. Nurullah held that seven years, as in the Wardha scheme, would be enough.

He favoured taking as educational model a country so like our own as Russia, which had accomplished marvels between 1925 and 1939. We should take the financial capacity of India into account, he urged, and start with what we have, not with what we might later have. He would set ten or fifteen years for the goal and have a detailed plan of cost and achievement that could be checked from year to year. It may be granted that a sufficient number of highly qualified teachers are not available but he pointed out that commissions, in time of peace hard to qualify for, were freely given in war time. "We are engaged in war, a war against ignorance." Teachers less highly trained must be accepted and training shortened till the war with ignorance is won.

One other point he made with which we heartily concur: that Indians have depended too much on experts from abroad. Educational leaders in this country, familiar with the ancient Indian as well as with the modern educational ideals should come together to work out an Indian plan for the education of the Indian people.

The special Cow Number of *Kalyana Kalpataru* (January 1945) brings together a number of valuable articles. Much nonsense is talked about Hindu "cow-worship" by outsiders who do not understand that the cow is reverenced as the symbol of a metaphysical ideal. The Dawn of Creation is represented in the Vedas by a cow, which symbolises creative nature, the physical and spiritual generation of all things. Simple gratitude, however, should dictate appreciation of this gentlest, most beneficent of creatures. On the subject of the cow's importance, as on how much besides, the truth was with the ancients.

Nowhere is the cow more necessary than in India, where milk could admirably supplement the vegetarian diet of so many, and where the bullock is indispensable for tillage. The present country-wide cattle shortage is fraught with danger to national health and even to economic prosperity. India was once famous for her cattle wealth. In recent years India's per capita consumption of milk or milk products was estimated at 7 oz. as compared with 35 oz. in the U. S. A. We averaged 1 milk-producer to 7 people; most European countries had 1 cow to 3 or 4. Many who do not share the Indian's veneration for the cow deplore as folly the maintaining of so many cattle of inferior grade. But it is real folly to send young, healthy milch animals to slaughter, as is being done to meet the augmented demand for meat. Killing the goose that lays the golden eggs is proverbial unwisdom. The Central Government's recent recommendations for restricting cattle slaughter have not been made a day too soon.

The problem is many-sided. Indian cows are poor milk-producers, averaging less than one-fifth as much per producing cow as cows in Canada, England and the U. S. A., less than one-twelfth the Danish pre-war average! Better breeding is one solution but more cattle feed is also a *sine qua non*. It is reliably estimated that Indian cattle are on half rations or less. Alas, whichever way we turn in amel-

iorative planning the poverty of the Indian masses stands like a wall across the path of advance!

The Editors of *The Rationalist Annual*, 1945, hoped for too much if they thought to pin down Mr. Bernard Shaw to a specific credo under the title "What Is My Religious Faith?" "The popular imagination," he complains, "works only in extremes: soot or whitewash, Right or Left, white or black. I am neither white nor black, but a classical grey."

All the world knows what Mr. Shaw does *not* believe in. He has flaunted with salutary effect his disbeliefs, religious and scientific, ridiculing impartially creedal pretensions and medical superstitions. This article approaches the core of Mr. Shaw's conviction by a series of disavowals. He specifically disclaims belief in Jehovah, repudiating by implication the Personal God idea. He indicts "Science with a capital S, the new substitute for religion," for its claim to exemption from humane considerations, its establishment of "vivisection as the only way to truth and knowledge," its "mischievous inoculations," its reckless flourishing of "childish amateur statistics." He refuses to call himself either Rationalist or Materialist.

He sets himself down, finally, with a bow to Bergson *en passant*, as a "Creative Evolutionist."

> I was and still am a Vitalist to whom vitality, though the hardest of hard facts, is a complete mystery.

He makes it clear that he does not regard the vital force as a mechanical one.

Mr. Shaw's religious faith, as far as he defines it, seems not incompatible with the "silent worship of abstract or *noumenal* Nature [as] the only divine manifestation," which has been called "the one ennobling religion of Humanity." For what is a non-mechanical concept of the vital force but belief in what has been described as "matter in its invisibility as the omnipresent, omnipotent Proteus with its unceasing motion which is its life, and which nature draws from herself since she is the great whole outside of which nothing can exist"?

Shri Bharatan Kumarappa's observations on India's industrialisation at the "Kasturba Day" celebration at Madras, reported in *The Hindu* of 15th February, will be welcomed by all who plan her economic future with due relevance to conditions obtaining. Whatever else industrialisation may mean it will certainly involve a huge outlay on heavy machinery, the dislocation of manual labour with resulting intensification of unemployment, the overcrowding of city slums and the concurrent gradual disintegration of villages. And the competition to which large-scale industrialisation leads has been a potent underlying cause of war. Shri Kumarappa's reiteration of a self-sufficient rural economy as an important aspect of Gandhiji's constructive programme for freedom contains more than has been conceded to it. It is a plan based on self-reliance and co-operation in the villages. And India is a land of villages. Shri Kumarappa said that

> India had 400 millions to feed and clothe, with no outside market for her industrial products.... Some way other than the way of machinery must be the most economic way of employing all of them.

The partisans of industrialisation betray enslavement to Western notions

of progress and are lured by the glamour of material success. More than that, the promoters of large-scale industries assume erroneously that steps to satisfy artificially stimulated demand will raise the standard of average Indian living. The first concern must be not with how to provide each with a motor-car but with how none shall go without the common, necessary things of life. If industrialisation does bring material success at all, it is success for the few, bearing within it the seeds of disharmony and unbalance in the social body. Rural planning with emphasis on self-sufficiency will not only save large expenditures in purchasing trouble, but will ensure the basis of a more nearly equalitarian and co-operative communal life where work is judged by its essential utility. That is the tradition which the Indian villages have inherited and industrialisation can only mean final extinction of that tradition of co-operative living.

An ingenious attempt by Prof. Harvey C. Lehman of the Ohio University at Athens, Ohio, to determine statistically "Man's Most Creative Years" appears in *The Scientific Monthly* for November. The technique of determining the average age for quality of output in any given field was to choose a number of outstanding works or achievements and to set down the age of the producer in each case. To determine quantity of output at different age levels the age of production of a larger sample of less distinguished works by the same individual (or, in some fields, by others also) was ascertained. The results in eleven fields —geology, psychology, grand operas, short stories, hymn poems, hymn tunes, education, economics and political science, mathematics, chemistry and invention—are separately graphed. The necessarily arbitrary basis of sampling and the difficulty, if not the impossibility, of equating output in different fields on a quality basis make the conclusions tentative. And at best they are averages, undependable as guides to individual performance, but the results seem to justify a few generalisations. One is that "output of the very highest merit tends to fall off at an earlier age level than does output of lesser merit." But the years for highest quality production in no field stop before the age of 53, while in psychology as in educational theory and practice they go beyond 75 and in hymn poems up to 85. Quantity production of less distinguished quality goes beyond 85 in several fields. In economics and political science the peak of quantity production is reached after the age of 85.

The quality production showing is especially significant in the light of the ancient division of man's life into 10 periods of 7 years each, the first 5 on the ascending, the second 5 on the descending arc, with the apex of his powers at 35. In almost every field surveyed the qualitative peak is between 30 and 40 years. The only exception, for reasons undetermined, is chemistry, where the corresponding peak is nearer 25 than 30 years.